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NEW ADVICE TO A PAINTER, &c.

PAinter, once more thy Pencil reaſſume.
Draw me a Night Piece——Draw me *Rome*.
Rome under ground, 'twill make a curious Piece!
Out do the boldeſt hands of Antient *Greece*.
Let the pale Tapers, which afford it lights,
Burn blew, affrighted with approaching Sprites.
Draw me the ſhaking Triple Mitred Head,
And all the Conclave, looking like the Dead.
Draw fallen *Lucifer* in Brimſtone Robes,
Infernal Poſts arriving thick like *Jobes*:
Each telling after other rueful Tale,
How all the Pious Stratagems ſtill fail;
Nor Piſtol, Poiſon, Ponyard will prevail.
How in defence of See Apoſtolique,
Like all true Bigots *Roman* Catholique,
Moſt boldly living, their late Martyrs ty'd,
And all without Confeſſing, bravely dy'd.
How daring *Coleman* led the Forlorn Hope,
Of all th' Unfortunate Brethren of the Rope,
Who murther Princes to exalt a Pope.
Of this new Order of *Cordeliers* how
He was the Founder and Confounder too.
How Cardinal *Ireland*, *Hartcourt*, *Gaven* fell,
Of *Pickering*, *Grove*, and *Turner*, let them tell,
How all's undone, *Rome*, Purgatory, Hell!
So! Painter 'tis enough; now lets retire,
And leave the Pope in this new Malvidere.

Next, let me ſee a ſpatious Curtain Drawn,
Fine and tranſparent as the Cobweb Lawn.
It muſt with curious Art and Care be wrought,
That through it one may ſee a nimble thought.
The ground with Faction, Treaſon, Tumult lay,
All Varniſh't o're with ſhining Preach and Pray.
Shade it with Fineneſs, Artifice, Intrigue,
Darken the foldings with the Solemn League.

Behind this Curtain let bold Actors ſtand,
Buskin'd for Tragedy upon command;
Inſpir'd with furious, not Poetique Rage,
A ſecond time to tread a bloody Stage.
Draw there an Aged Pope upon all four,
With riding Furniture Equipped o're,
With Warlike Saddle, and with Curbing Bitt,
Holſters and Howſings, Breaſtplate, all compleat.
Then let a dapper Prieſter Poſt beſtride
The Scarlet Rampant Beaſt, and fiercely ride.
Let him be clad in the new Silken Baff,
And wear an old Round-head without a Ruff.
Upon the top of his Triumphat Lance,
The ſpoiled Whore of Babel's Smock advance.
Before him let there march Lewd Reformation,
Proclaiming Liberty and Tolleration.
Paint diſmal Ruin ſtalking in the Rear,
Than Landskip Deſolation far and near.
Paint cloſe Cabals, and Midnights ſecret Clubs,
Paint the Diſciples of the bawling Tubs,
With Ears erected and with Mouths diſplaid,
And all the Brethren o'th Religious Blade,
Big with their hopes and expectations blown,
That e're't be long the day will be their own.
Let ſeveral Labels from their mouths proceed,
To note the different Tribes o'th' Holy Seed:
Here, Root and Branch, there, down with Babel down.
Away with Biſhops, this, that, with the Crown.
Here draw one cloſeſly laughing in his ſleeve,
That he has made the zealous fools believe,
What he has told them is as Goſpel true,
If't be not ſo, then he's a very *Few*.
Paint here Ambition making humble Court
To Popular Ears, and ſhewing Scripture for't.
There, Draw me Envy, and here, private Pique,
Looking demure while deep Revenge they ſeek.
Here one who loſt his Crown and Biſhops Lands,
Clapping for joy his Sacrilegious hands.
Draw buſie Jealouſie among the Croud,
And whiſpering Fear, and Calumny ſtill loud.
Paint Armed Zeal in fighting Goſpel Buff;
Paint what thou wilt, ſo't be confus'd enuff.
Then Painter Draw one laughing out this Motr,
Come do it boldly then, Plot upon Plot.
Now Painter let us Trade in open day,
And bare fac't Light: a barren Landskip lay,
Like ſome cold Northern Clime; there muſt not be
Much Beauty in it, much Variety;
Not many fruitful Vales, nor pleaſant Springs,
Nor murmu'ring Riv'lets, nor delightful things.
But cragged Rocks, and the bald Mountains ſhew,
No Perrewigs of Wood, but Bonnets blew

Of

Of distant Sky, Paint Loughs, and Treacherous Bogs,
Stored with Revelation croaking Frogs.
And now the Scene is fit, the Curtain draw,
Trumpets and Drums within, Sasa, Sasa!
A Rev'rend Prelate must the Prologue be,
Enough alone to make a Tragedy.
Paint him all over wounds and purple gore,
Greater than *Cæsars* and in number more.
Than let the mad braind Zealous Troops advance,
Hasting to forfeit their Allegiance,
In the defence of Covenant, Well a way
True Protestant Religion to betray.
While thus with Violence, Murder, Perjury,
They strive to raise their new Fifth Monarchy,
The Iron Scepter of Presbytery.
Now Painter Summon all thy skilful Art,
Thy choicest Colours, cleanest stroaks impart.
Draw me a blooming Hero, let him fly,
more swift than Light'ning from a sullen Sky:
Whose early Valour Rivals *Cæsars* Fame,
For he too came, and saw, and overcame.
Paint Woods of Lawrels for his Conqu'ring brow,
Hee'l reap them all as fast as they can grow.
But gentle Painter, plant them in the shade,
Lest as they quickly grew, they quickly fade.
And now dear Painter, how shall we devise,
To draw some thoughts? Oh! how would that surprize!
But since those swift Ideas will not sit,
Till thou canst finish 'em, e'en venture it,
A careless dash does sometimes bravely hit.
Draw then the discontented Factious crew
Of Disaffected Brethren; let us view
Their Faces well, and we shall eazily find,
Their secret thoughts by th' Index of the mind.
Draw biting Lips, and sullen frowning Brow,
And hands lift up betwixt a Curse and Vow:
Paint this half drawing out his angry Sword,
That weeping for the people of the Lord,
Who for the Gospel were in Battle slain,
Or by the Common En'my Captive tane.
Let hasty blood mount in that manly Face,
There let it sneak, and give pale Choler place.
Here Paint one raving, raging, staring mad;
Thus disappointed after seeking Gad!
Thus by ill Conduct, and base Cowardice,
To spoil the *Good Old Cause*, and ope' the Eyes
Of Wicked men, to see and Triumph too;
What hast thou done Lard? Lard! What must we do?
Could not th' impatient Brethren stay till we
Had fully hatcht a New Conspiracy,
No King, or else of Clouts, till we had made,
(That is a Glorious King) they might have staid:

But

But thus with Shell on head, and callow wing,
Thus run away! Lard! This was ſuch a thing!
Now ſhould we ſtrive to lend our helping hand
To work Salvation, th' wicked of the Land
Will call't Rebellion: and ſhould they prevail,
We can expect no Mercy, if we fail
In our attempt, no ſecond Amneſty
Can e're be hop'd, Ah! No Indempnity!
Painter, cloſe up thy Piece, expoſe't to view;
'Twill meet with various Cenſures: But 'tis true.
Till the next time we meet, Painter Adieu.

To the KING.

HAil Mighty *Charles*! Joy of our Lives and Eyes;
Born and preſerv'd, reſtor'd in wondrous wiſe!
At laſt take pity of a Glorious State,
Shook by the Malice, and the reſtleſs Hate,
Of Undermining Foes, and Treacherous Friends,
By diff'ring methods driving the ſame ends.
Papiſt and Presbyterian both combine,
And *Sampſons* flaming Foxes Tails conjoyn
To Rob thee of thy Crown, and to deſtroy,
With thee our Lives, Religion, Liberty.
Rome and *Geneva*, both ſtrive to pull down
The Envi'd Mitre and Imperial Crown.
The Royal Martyr *Charles*, the Wiſe, the Juſt,
Commands you to forgive, but never truſt.
Loſe not your Friends in hopes your Foes to gain,
Eternal hates are reconcil'd in vain.
You are no longer ſafe than they want power,
No Monarch after that can Reign an hour.
Cheriſh you Friends if Scepters you will ſway,
And Rule your Subjects many a happy day.
Defend that Faith which does defend your Crown,
Which Chriſt firſt taught, which all true Chriſtians own:
Who teaches any other, comes from Hell;
The Dev'l firſt did, then taught men to Rebel.
Read all the reſt in the late Rebel *Scot*,
There is enough to ſhew a ſecond Plot.
The Banks are yet intire, 'tis not too late
To ſtop another Deluge o're the State.
Who his to morrow truſts for ſafety, may,
Before it comes be ruined by delay.
To ſpeak bold truths Poets and Painters dare,
Believe them, Mighty Sir, Believe, Beware!
Nothing can ſave us from a dreadful Doom,
But what ſecures from Faction and from *Rome*.

FINIS.